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by [isleofdreams](#)

Summary

Everyone has a timer on their wrist, an indication of when they will first touch their soulmates. Their fate is sealed by inked numbers, the love of their life chosen even before they were born.

Dream thinks it's stupid. George thinks otherwise.

(in which Dream doesn't believe in soulmates, while George does)

Notes

hello!

serious notes: these are merely their personas, which means that whatever information they are comfortable with sharing may be used. this does NOT represent them irl in any form at all, and please, for the love of god, respect them and not shove the ship in their faces. both of them has said that they're fine with shipping, but if either one mentions that they're uncomfortable with it, this book will be taken down immediately. please respect their boundaries.

DT WEEK DAY 2 LETS GO (barely finished this on time, god.)

prompt for day 2: SOULMATES AND ROOMMATES

TRIGGER WARNING: ABUSE (only for the first part, so please please do be careful. love y'all <3)

i hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream thinks that the entire soulmate thing is stupid.

It's foolish, he thinks, because love isn't a thing that can be forced upon. He believes that love has to be manifested, has to be grown with both parties putting in the same effort, like a sapling: you have to nurture and take care of it before the roots will sink firmly into the soil, before the fruits can bear.

So to have a timer on your wrist indicating when you will meet the love of your life is silly.

Dream used to be obsessed with meeting his soulmate. He'd wake up everyday, excited, counting down to the day he'd meet his potential lover.

But when the arguments in his house got louder and louder, until one day, his father finally snapped and landed a beer bottle on his mother's head, his eyes cold and void of love as he watched Dream kneel by his mother's side, crying and shaking with blood on his hands, the illusion of perfectly matched soulmates and happy endings shattered.

The day after, as he sat beside his mother in the hospital, he covered the timer with a plaster, dried streaks of angry tears on his face.

Dream doesn't believe in soulmates. He thinks it's bullshit, because he feels weird to be bound to someone who he doesn't even know, who he doesn't even trust. He wants someone who will love him for who he is, not to love him because of a countdown that's slapped on their wrists as soon as they're born.

He finds it ironic and laughable that his parents are soulmates.

He lets his fingers run along his wrist, along the silky thread of the bracelet that his mum gave him for his fifth birthday. It's neatly woven, the green and gold entwining with each other, braided together as if it's a mermaid's tail, a loop of memories and love that barely covers the little timer on his wrist.

It's the last gift from his mother before she passed away. Dream always kept it close to him, physically and emotionally, as a final reminder of her and the love she has provided him.

He rubs the bracelet, his fingers freezing when he grazes the black ink, a silent bomb that's ticking down. He lets his hand fall to his side.

Dream doesn't believe in soulmates.

*

George believes in soulmates.

To him, soulmates are magical. They're a gift, a promise that everyone has someone who loves them unconditionally, and for who they are. Sure, there are some failures, couples who never end up together, but George thinks they're bullshit.

He thinks that soulmates are matches made in heaven, someone whom you're destined to be with, someone who will accommodate for all your insecurities and your faults. Someone to grow old with, someone to *love*.

George watches his timer excitedly everyday, looking forward to the day he'd meet his soulmate. His heart soars at the thought of seeing the love of his life in front of him, his smile barely contained due to the sheer joy he is experiencing. He wonders about their appearance, whether they'd have blonde or brown hair, whether their eyes will glimmer under the sunlight as they meet him too.

George wonders about his soulmate a lot.

24:40:04

Twenty four days, forty minutes, and four seconds to the big day. To the day when the timer stops, when he first touches his soulmate.

He hides his face in his blanket, muffling a squeal, his cheeks red.

George believes in soulmates.

*

“No!” George shrieks, slamming his hands on the table as loud cackles blare through his headset. “You’re so annoying!”

“Wh- you were the one who fell into the ravine yourself!” Dream retorts, though his words are weak from his wheezes. “Anyways, I still win.”

George groans and rolls his eyes, and soon the in-game chat pops up with a death message, Dream joining him back at spawn. They aimlessly maneuver their characters around, easing into comfortable silence, when a nagging thought presents itself in George’s mind.

“Dream, can I ask you something?”

Dream hums, and George clears his throat. It has been a touchy subject ever since they got together, mainly because Dream always shuts George down whenever the topic is brought up. George knows he’s playing with fire, talking about soulmates, but the words are out of his mouth before he can stop them.

“Do you believe in soulmates?”

George sees Dream’s character stop moving, and the sharp intake of breath from Dream bites George on the heart, guilt seeping through the wounds, and he almost takes it back, tells Dream to pretend that the question was never posed, but Dream answers before he can say anything.

“I... no, not necessarily.”

The words feel like poison needles, jabbing at George’s heart, but he brushes it off with a laugh. “Not even the timer?”

“Definitely not,” Dream says firmly, but his character starts to move, so George deduces that it’s a

good thing.

They log off of Minecraft, but they remain in voice call, enjoying each other's presence. George can hear Dream hum to an unknown tune, occasionally sending George funny tweets.

It's normal for them to let the silence float around, but today, the atmosphere seems to be a little heavy. It's probably the way Dream is forcing laughter out, even if the tweet isn't as funny, or the way George is fumbling with his fingers, switching between his Discord and YouTube every five seconds as a distraction. He still feels the bitterness of the question lingering at the back of his throat, the fractured words desperate to claw out from his throat, curious about Dream's perspective about soulmates and why he doesn't believe in them.

"George, I can literally hear you think. Spit it out," Dream says, breaking George from his trance, and George almost asks Dream how he knows about it when he realises that he has his webcam on. He sticks out his tongue, causing Dream to laugh a little, but then looks back down again.

"Uhh..." George bites on his lip, wringing his hands nervously. He chuckles to fill in the awkwardness. "Why- why do you not believe in them?"

"In what?"

"Soulmates."

"Why are you so hung up on it?" Dream's defensive tone comes back, and although the words aren't harsh, it still causes George to wince a little. *It's a mistake*, George thinks.

"No, it's fine-"

"No, I'm actually curious, George. Why are you so concerned about it?" Dream says, "You do realise the timer is a scam, right?"

George freezes. "What do you mean?"

He can almost hear Dream roll his eyes as he speaks. "The timer, the thing on your wrist? It's a scam. Literally it's a stupid system. If you like someone you should like them for them, not because they're soulmates, y'know?"

"Do you think we're soulmates?" George asks, his voice quiet. The question hangs in between them, and it's almost suffocating. George knows he has pushed Dream's limits too far, stepped beyond the line of Dream's comfort zone. He glances at the timer subconsciously.

"What if we aren't? What if our timers don't match, George? What will you do?" Dream presses, his tone low and serious, and George bites on his lip. "George, tell me! Are you gonna break up with me just because of that stupid ink timer?"

"Dream, I- I don't know!" George blurts out in panic, "I don't know, Dream. I'm sorry."

Dream goes silent, and George almost mistakes him for hanging up, so he moves back to Discord to double-check. Then, Dream chuckles, but it is void of any happiness. Instead, the slight pain and hurt jumps out and bites at George.

"Dream-"

"No, forget it. I understand."

He hangs up, and George is left in silence. All alone.

He fucked up, and he knows it.

George buries his face in his hands, letting out a frustrated sigh. He shouldn't have asked Dream, shouldn't have pushed his boundaries, shouldn't have gotten too cocky and played with fire, because now the flames are licking at his skin, searing his stomach and scorching his heart.

George tries to call Dream again, but the latter merely declines. He groans.

George: I'm sorry

Dream: leave me alone

Dream: please

So George lets him be, even though it hurts, even though he knows he's the one who inflicted the pain onto the both of them. He sighs again, and sees that Sapnap is online.

Before he realises it, the ringtone beeps in his ears, and soon, Sapnap is greeting him with a tired 'hello'.

"I think I screwed up," George mumbles. His webcam is switched off, but the sad tone in his voice is enough to wake Sapnap up. "You know how Dream doesn't believe in soulmates? He asked if I would still love him even if we aren't, and I-"

"No," Sapnap interrupts, "you did not."

"I did," George answers, and a loud groan is heard from the other end. "Look, Sap, I-"

"Okay, buddy, you do realise that Dream's sensitive, right?" Sapnap cuts him off, but the sheer absurdity of the question causes George to snort. "The thing is, you can't keep... I don't know, doing this?"

George lets out a frustrated sigh, running his hands through his hair. "I know, but I just- I froze, y'know? I really do love Dream, it's just- I believe in soulmates too, so I- argh!"

"Hey, George, relax. I know, okay? I can literally see it, it's disgusting sometimes." The statement from Sapnap makes George chuckle. "And I know you aren't good at expressing yourself through words and all that, but you're in a long distance relationship."

George winces, Sapnap's words hitting a soft spot in his heart, as if a bright, red target is painted on it and Sapnap is aiming at it, but he knows it's true. In their relationship, Dream had always been the vocal one, while George kept to himself more. It's weird, how they seemed to be polar opposites, yet they somehow still ended up together.

Well, opposites do attract, don't they?

"I know, I- god, I mess things up." He covers his face with his hands, annoyance seeping through his voice.

"It's alright, George. Dream still loves you," Sapnap tries to reassure him, though it doesn't help George. "Maybe try talking to him or something? After he cools down?"

George smiles, though it doesn't quite reach his eyes. "Yeah. Yeah, alright. I was thinking, maybe... maybe I could do something? Like, ship him something?"

Sapnap goes silent for a moment, seemingly deep in thought at the suggestion. “You could do that, yeah. But- holy fuck!”

The sudden yelp from Sapnap causes George to jump a little, and he curses out loud.

“George! There’s something I know you can do!”

“Sap, I swear, do *not* tell me to dress up as a dinosaur and greet him-”

“No, god-” Sapnap laughs, and the atmosphere seems to brighten up a little. “I have the perfect surprise. But, I have a deal.”

George barely suppresses the groan that’s bubbling at the back of his throat, but he lets out a defeated grunt as an agreement.

“Don’t look at your timer.”

“What the fuck?”

“Look, George, do you love him or not?” Sapnap questions, the serious tone scaring George a little.

“Well, yeah.”

“Then the timer shouldn’t matter, should it? That’s the problem: you’re obsessed with it, George,” Sapnap says. “C’mon, please? It’s just one small request.”

George almost rejects the deal, turns Sapnap down, but a strong wave of curiosity washes over him, engulfing him in its embrace. He gulps, and looks at his timer, the words echoing in his head.

19:13:43

George is walking towards his medical cupboard, and soon, a plaster is slapped over his timer as he sits back down on his chair.

It feels weird, the sticky bandage clinging onto his skin, over the familiar ink timer that he has grown used to having. He can almost hear Sapnap smugly smile over the line, so he rolls his eyes, running his hands along the outline of the plaster.

“Done. Now, spill.”

“Aight. You know how Dream’s gonna let me room with him?” Sapnap chuckles, the excitement in his voice causing George to smile as well. “Well... what if...”

“What?”

Despite not having his webcam on, George can see Sapnap smirking. “What if you come as a surprise?”

*

Dream calls him in the middle of dinner.

“‘elo?” He responds, his mouth still full of rice as he tries to gnaw at a piece of fried chicken. “Dream?”

“Hey, George, uh...” Dream stammers. “What... heh, what are you eating?”

George raises an eyebrow. Dream doesn't sound like himself, with the way his voice goes quiet and the slight hesitation that has somehow managed to find itself in between his words. Put up confidence acts as a veneer to cover up his uncertainty that trickles behind the sentence, yet somehow, George notices the abnormality through the cracks of the facade.

"Chicken rice," George answers, then clears his throat. "Dream? You good?"

"I'm sorry," Dream blurts out, his voice shaking, and George's eyes widen. "I'm sorry for lashing out at you like that. It's just... I shouldn't have done that, I'm sorry."

"Dream, no," George says as he puts down his dinner. "You're not the one who should be apologising. I'm at fault too, y'know? I shouldn't have pushed your boundaries like that, and I shouldn't have asked. I'm sorry, I really... I do love you."

Though the words roll off his tongue unnaturally, almost choking him, George is glad that he got it out of his system. It's been long overdue anyway: Dream has said it countless times, every time they log off or say goodbye, so George owes it to him, really.

Dream is silent, so George opens his mouth to check in on Dream, but a subtle shuffling is heard. "You... you mean it?"

"Of course," George tries to sound as sincere as possible, and *oh, what is this feeling?* A familiar warmth is creeping into his heart, causing him to feel almost breathless. He has felt like this before, when he had talked to Dream before they got together, on quiet nights with hushed whispers. He has felt like this before, with every thought of Dream. He has felt like this before, when the confession has slipped from his mouth quietly, a part of him hoping that Dream doesn't hear it, yet another part of him yearns for Dream to reciprocate it.

The feeling of love, to George, is familiar, yet he never got used to it.

Maybe, he doesn't want to get used to it. Maybe, George wants to feel the butterflies that fluttered in his stomach every time he talks to Dream. Maybe, George wants to feel his heart speed up at the thought of hugging Dream, having him in his arms. Maybe, George doesn't want this to stop.

If loving Dream is an addiction, George is far, far gone from saving.

"Dream, I'm sorry. I... I panicked just now, but I really, really love you, okay? You're the best thing that has ever happened to me, I-" George takes in a deep breath. "I'm so lucky to have you."

"You're lying," Dream says, but the chuckle and a certain fondness that emits from his headpiece is enough to convince George that he doesn't mean it at all. "God, you're such an idiot. I love you so much."

The feeling is back again, so George lets himself dwell in it, let himself dive deeper and deeper.

It'll hurt when you find out that he isn't your soulmate, a voice in him reminds him, but he pushes it to the back of his head.

He savours the sweet, sugary sensation as he returns Dream's words with his own affections.

The plaster feels tight against his skin.

For now, he'll let himself stay.

*

It starts with the little things.

It starts with the little things, such as asking Dream how he has been and giving Dream in-game poppies. It's frustrating, and it annoys George at times, but when he hears how Dream's breath hitches at the flowers, or how Dream freezes before letting out a flustered laugh, George realises it's all worth it.

So he works harder.

It starts with the little things, but it blossoms further, as George widens his comfort zone bit by bit. He calls Dream even more frequently than before (not that they weren't calling before, but it's Dream who usually initiates the calls), and lets his fingers hover over the three forbidden words on his keyboard every time they say goodbye.

Affection is never George's strong suit. Ever since he was young, he has believed that actions speak louder than words, that promises shouldn't be made because they can be broken at any time, that agreements should be on papers so that there is solid evidence. He believed that soulmates are tied to timers, and that true love is only dictated by the little digits on your wrist.

George never dared to say 'I love you', because affection scares him like ghosts and spiders. He fears the unknown, fears the unfamiliarity of the subject that he is venturing into blindly, diving deeper and deeper until he's almost suffocating, almost drowning from fondness. It takes him almost a year to realise his true feelings for Dream, and six more months of panicking and suppressing them until he couldn't handle it anymore, until they came spilling out of his mouth on a late day in July in the form of words and confessions.

It starts with the little things, like typing out 'ily' and sending it, whether it be through the form of messages on Discord or a cake on Dream's birthday (thank god for technology). It starts with the little things, like George lingering in the call for a little while longer when they bid goodbye, like George telling Dream his secrets and his fears late at night, trusting Dream a little more, giving Dream pieces of himself that's fragile.

It starts with the little things, and George still has a long way to go, still has his own monsters to battle and his own fears to conquer.

But he'd do it. He'd do it to prove to Dream that he loves him.

The little giggles from Dream causes George's heart to flutter.

So what if their timers don't match? So what if they aren't soulmates?

To George, it doesn't matter anymore. Because he has found his true soulmate, and he's there, across the ocean, laughing at the stupid statues that he has built on Minecraft.

George's heart no longer stutters in fear at the realisation that he loves Dream.

It starts with the little things.

*

"George?"

It's a quiet afternoon, and George has just ended his stream. They're both lingering in the voice call, when Dream had called out for George in a timid voice, barely audible through the shitty headset that George has bought from a sale. George looks at his screen, and hums.

“I... I think I’m ready to tell you something,” Dream says softly, but the words are trembling as he speaks, threatening to break even under the slightest pressure.

“Go ahead,” George whispers, “but don’t feel pressured to do so. Just tell me whatever you’re comfortable with, okay?”

“I, uh... the reason why I don’t... why I don’t believe in soulmates is because my uh... my parents,” Dream mumbles, “My parents are soulmates and all, but they don’t love each other.”

George’s eyes widen, and an apology is lodged against his throat, but he doesn’t choke it out. It’s a sensitive topic, one that George is aware of, because Dream used to call him up in the middle of the night bawling, stuttering out incomprehensible phrases as George tries to calm him down through the phone, only for the former to fall asleep to George’s comforting words. George knows he shouldn’t bring it up, to ask Dream what had happened the next day, because all Dream needed was someone to be there for him, and to listen to him.

They buried the memories, until Dream digs them back out again.

“My dad hit her, George. He... he hit her with a beer bottle, and it’s... fuck, it’s so bad. There used to be so much fighting in the house, but I thought it’d be fine, y’know? I thought... I thought arguments were okay, but when.... when he hit her... ”

“There’s so much blood. I was... fuck, I was only five... ” Dream trails off, sniffles in between his words like a knife to George’s heart. George wants to reach out, to hold Dream in his arms, to rub circles on his back and tell him that George is here with him, that he’s fine.

But all George can do is to reach out to the surface of his monitor, as if the slight touch can calm Dream down.

“That’s why I don’t believe in soulmates,” Dream continues, “They’re not meant to be, y’know? You can’t just love someone who’s assigned to you. It- Love’s a feeling, and god, I... I’m scared, George.”

“Dream, hey, listen,” George softens his voice, dropping it to a soothing tone. “I’m not going anywhere, okay? You’re, god, you’re the best thing that has ever happened to me.

“I love you, Dream, I really do,” George whispers, and Dream is sobbing, though there is his signature wheeze in the middle of sniffles and choked tears.

The words don’t choke anymore, slipping off his tongue smoothly and easily. His heart is racing, though the adrenaline is addicting, and the thrill of love is something George will never get used to, but it’s something that George doesn’t want to get used to, either.

“George, promise me something?”

“What is it?”

“I...” Dream stutters, “Promise me you’ll be there for me?”

It’s so silent, Dream’s microphone barely catching them, but George grabs at them before they can float away into the wind, into the unknown. He holds them close to his heart, keeps it in a chest where his secrets lie, and cherishes them, as if they are rubies and diamonds.

“I promise,” George says, firm and strong.

And he doesn't intend to break it.

*

“Sapnap, two more days!” Dream yells, and through the hint of static, George can feel the enthusiasm radiating off of his boyfriend.

“Yea, dude! Two more days!” Sapnap cheers loudly. “Finally, I can be free from debt!”

George chuckles, rolling his eyes as both of his friends talk with animation about their supposed meet-up. His luggage is partially packed, sitting at the foot of his bed, awaiting for the big day when George will fly out to surprise Dream. His palms are sweating at the mere thought of surprising Dream, and the image of a shocked Dream in front of him is enough to make him laugh.

“Hey, George, you wanna record something tomorrow?”

At the mention of his name, George snaps out from his thoughts. He looks back up at the screen. Sapnap is staring at him, a hint of panic under his gaze. George clears his throat.

“Uhh... I’m busy tomorrow, sorry.”

“What are you even busy with?” Dream laughs, “You don’t have a social life.”

“Hey!” George’s face flushes red, and he scoffs in mock anger as Sapnap laughs in the background. Internally, he lets out a sigh of relief at the averted crisis.

“Alright, alright! We’ll reschedule it, geez.”

The luggage stares at him, burning the back of his head.

Two days. Two days to meeting Dream.

His heart beats faster.

*

“You’re gonna board the plane soon, right?” Sapnap asks as George presses the phone closer to his ear with his shoulder, as his hands try to steady the luggage that’s trailing behind him.

“Yeah. In about... thirty minutes.” George glances up at the display board, eyes squinting and searching for his flight number. When he spots it, he double checks the numbers on his tickets, and proceeds to the gates. “I’m going to security right now.”

“You better,” Sapnap threatens, and George laughs. “See you soon, George.”

“See you soon, Sap.”

The phone clicks as Sapnap hangs up. George hurries to his gates.

Soon, George thinks.

Soon, he’s going to see his friends for the first time in real life. Soon, he’s going to meet the love of his life for the first time, face to face. Soon, George will be able to caress Dream’s face and hold him tight, warm against his arms. Soon, George will be able to look into Dream’s eyes, not through screens and shitty pixels, but in real life.

Soon, George will be able to kiss Dream.

He smiles.

Soon.

*

The rush of hot air hits George in the face as soon as he steps out of the plane. He feels woozy for a second, his eyes blinking wearily, still trying to chase sleep away. He tugs on his carry-ons, desperate to clear security as soon as possible.

Every step, every second feels too long for George. The anxiety that seeped into his veins on the plane as he painfully sat through the nine and a half hour flight fueled the drumming of his fingers against the armrest, until the old lady beside him gave him a glare that caused him to stop. His heart was racing, and still is.

He almost misses his luggage as he texts Sapnap, informing him of his arrival as he lunges forward to grab the grey bag off the conveyor belt. Looking around, he tries to spot Sapnap in the crowds, and the confusion gives way to a wide grin as he sees Sapnap running at him, arms open.

He barely catches Sapnap as the latter tackles him, laughing. They stay in the embrace for a while, the world forgotten. George doesn't suppress the happiness that spills from his mouth as he giggles, and the hand on his shoulder is unbelievably *real* and heavy.

“So, ready to go?”

George nods as Sapnap runs back to grab his luggage, the both of them making their way to the pick up point, where Sapnap is holding his phone and booking a Grab.

“Two minutes. Should be fast.”

“Dream isn't picking you up?”

Sapnap gives him a weird glance. “No? That'll ruin the surprise, won't it?”

“Well, I thought I'd be meeting him at the airport, but okay.” George shrugs, and as the number on Sapnap's phone changes to one, George can't help but feel anxious again. He takes in a deep breath, an attempt to soothe the butterflies in his stomach. His insides are a mess, a cauldron of emotions as they swirl around, mixing and matching in ways that George doesn't appreciate.

But among the mixture, love stands out.

Sapnap raises his arm, and a red car stops in front of them, the boot opened. Sapnap throws his luggage in, and George hauls his in and slams it shut. Greeting the driver, George watches with fleeting eyes as the driver leads them away from the pick up point, away from the airport.

Nearer to Dream.

“How long?”

Sapnap checks his phone. “Twenty minutes? Somewhere there, give or take five minutes.”

George closes his eyes, and bites on his lip. Sapnap turns and looks out of the window.

Twenty minutes too long.

*

As if on instinct, George opens his eyes as the car slows down to a stop in front of an apartment

complex. They both exit the car, thanking the driver, and collect their luggage from the boot.

The both of them turn towards the tall building, the freshly painted white walls almost glaring in the afternoon sun. George squints his eyes as he raises a hand to shield his eyes, following Sapnap while he makes his way towards the security tower.

George can feel his heartbeat in his ears, and he realises that his hands are shaking when he clumsily latches his fingers onto his luggage. When Sapnap turns and proceeds into the apartment, he is hyper aware of the fact that he is minutes away from meeting Dream.

“George? You good?” Sapnap waves his hand in front of George, causing the latter to snap out of his daze. Giving Sapnap a shaky chuckle, George steps into the elevator, the wheels on the luggage almost too loud against the cobble path. Sapnap pushes the button that has ‘14’ on it, and turns to George, a wide smile slapped onto his face.

“Dude, okay, holy shit. So, I’ll open the door, and you’ll... you’ll hide somewhere, okay?” Sapnap blurts out, the excitement barely contained in his voice as they run through their plan again. “And when I say ‘I have a surprise for you’ -”

“I’ll come out,” George completes the sentence, and Sapnap gives him a wink as the elevator dings. The duo scrambles out through the door, Sapnap turning a sharp right. George almost curses at how loud they are.

Sapnap motions for George to hide, waving his arms frantically, so George jumps behind a white pillar, barely sidestepping a shoe that lies on the floor. He hears Sapnap knock on the beige door.

“Sapnap?”

“Dream!” Sapnap yells, and George hears the familiar cackle from Dream. His palms are sweaty as ever, so he wipes it on his jeans, gulping. *He’s here*, George thinks, and he feels a little dizzy as Sapnap and Dream’s laughter mixes together, creating a symphony of happiness.

“Dude, you’re actually here!” Dream says, and there is a sly chuckle emitting from Sapnap, which George swears that it is accompanied by a smirk.

“Well... actually, I didn’t come alone,” Sapnap clears his throat. He hears Dream hum in confusion, and George’s mind barely catches on the cue as he steps out from his hiding spot.

And Dream is right there, standing in front of him, in a plain T-shirt and sweatpants and *holy fuck, it’s Dream, I’m here*. George is dizzy and high from euphoria and anxiety that he barely registers the dirty blonde hair and wide eyes, and everything feels so surreal, as if he’s in a dream, as if he’s back at his apartment in London and Dream has somehow appeared in front of him.

He pinches himself. It’s not a dream.

In fact, it’s a dream come true.

“George? Is that... holy shit-”

The loud slam of George’s luggage against the tiled floors echoes in his ear, but he barely registers it as the cauldron of emotions overflow, and he’s soon crying and laughing as he runs towards Dream with open arms. He falls into Dream’s embrace.

And there’s a stinging pain on his wrist.

George yelps, pulling away as he hears Dream hiss. He clutches his wrist, and his fingers clumsily claw at the plaster that he has applied. With Sapnap's help, he rips it apart. Through the blurry tears, he registers the set of digits that displays in front of his eyes.

00:00:00

His entire body is trembling, and he takes a few seconds to connect the dots. Dream's laugh snaps him away from his trance, forcing him to look up. The former only brings up his wrist, a goofy smile plastered onto his face.

00:00:00

"What the fuck—" Sapnap says, and George doesn't even catch the full sentence, because Dream is soon engulfing him in a bone-crushing hug, tears flowing down his face. George laughs, and it's stupid because he's crying, too, but he's so *happy*, and-

Dream is his soulmate.

George pulls away a little, keeping a tiny distance between them as he looks into Dream's eyes. His heart beats faster, his legs turning into jelly when he sees the fondness and love spilling from Dream's gaze, and the only thing that's keeping him grounded is Dream's arms around his neck, as well as the gentle breath from Dream.

George reaches out to wipe away the tears that's flowing down Dream's face, his eyes flicking down to the latter's lips. He looks up again for consent.

Dream nods, and George almost closes the distance between them.

"Ew, gross!" Sapnap mumbles, pushing past them. "At least bring it into the room, geez."

But there's no malice in his voice. George pulls back and laughs, pink dusting his cheeks as he looks back up at Dream again. The giddiness is back, so he buries his head in Dream's shoulder and laughs.

There is a dull throb on his wrist, where the timer sits, still and constant, the six digits imprinted forever that seals his fate.

And as Dream volunteers to drag George's luggage in, George pulls his soulmate back, lets out a small laugh, and smashes their lips together.

He feels Dream smile against the kiss, and amidst the fireworks and the frantic butterflies, George decides that he's letting himself stay.

For forever.

*

Dream used to think that the entire soulmate thing is stupid.

He used to think that it's foolish, because love is a thing that cannot be forced upon. Love is something that has to be manifested, has to be grown with both parties putting in the same effort. Like a sapling.

Dream used to not believe in soulmates. He used to think that it's bullshit, because to be bound by someone who doesn't even know him is weird. He wants someone who will love him for who he is, not to love him because of the timer that's slapped on their wrists as soon as they're born.

Dream glances over at George, who has his head on the former's shoulder, snoring peacefully as the credits of the movie rolls in front of them, and smiles.

Dream used to think that the entire soulmate thing is stupid, but with his soulmate by his side, maybe, *maybe*, he chooses to believe it.

George snuggles closer against Dream, and Dream swears he's falling further into the sea of love, swallowed by waves. He brushes a strand of hair away from George's forehead, and he forgets how to breathe as he stares at their entwined fingers, his wrist facing up so that the inked numbers are staring back at him.

00:00:00

Dream believes in soulmates.

End Notes

hey there!

to be perfectly honest, i'm not really satisfied with this, but eh, it's still okay i guess

i hope you enjoyed it nevertheless!

my twitter: ISLE0FDREAM

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